

# THE ROBBERS; *K*

A TRAGEDY:

IN FIVE ACTS.


TRANSLATED AND ALTERED FROM THE GERMAN.

AS IT WAS PERFORMED

AT BRANDENBURGH-HOUSE THEATRE;

M DCC XCVIII.

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WITH A PREFACE,  
PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE,

WRITTEN BY

HER SERENE HIGHNESS  
THE MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH.

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L O N D O N :

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P R E F A C E.

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THIS PLAY is published as it was performed at *Brandenburgh House*, in order that any persons who may have read the exact *Translations* of it from the German, may be enabled to judge of the ungenerous and false aspersions of Newspaper Writers, who have, by various paragraphs, insinuated that it was played there with all the Jacobinical Speeches that abound in the Original.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

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MAXIMILIAN, COUNT DE MOOR

CHARLES DE MOOR, } *His Sons*  
FRANÇOIS DE MOOR, }

AMELIA, *His Niece,*

SPIEGELBERG, } *Young Libertines, who become*  
SWITZER, } *Robbers*  
ROLLER, }  
RAZMAN, }  
GRIMM, }  
SCHUFTERLE, }

HERMAN, *the natural Son of a Nobleman*

A COMMISSARY,

DANIEL, *an old Servant of Count De Moor's*

*Servants, Robbers, &c. &c.*

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# THE ROBBERS.

*A TRAGEDY.*

IN FIVE ACTS.

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THE Scene is laid in Germany,  
at the Time of the Enactment of  
a Perpetual Peace,  
in the beginning of the  
Sixteenth Century.

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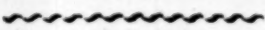
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## PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY

THE MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH.



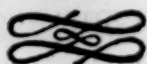
SOME plants there are that thrive in every soil;  
And, in each clime, repay the Planter's toil:  
Thus works of Genius thro' the world disperse;  
As *Quixotte's* fame, o'erspread the Universe.—  
With our new Play to-night, thus may it fare,  
This fam'd exotic—prun'd with British care.  
Oh, may it touch each son's—each father's heart,  
And teach to all *Humanity's* soft part  
On Life's great stage; instructing every child  
To bear a parent's frown with patience mild—



## PROLOGUE.



Mild as a *mother's* look, when she reproves,  
And most by soft remonstrance shews she loves;  
Forewarn each father, that a curse in haste,  
On his own aching heart will fall at last ;  
Prove to mankind a truth we learn from Heaven,  
That—*Man, to be reclaim'd, must be forgiv'n !*



# THE ROBBERS.

A TRAGEDY.

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## ACT I.

---

### SCENE I.

FRANCONIA—*A room in Count de Moor's Castle.*

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*The OLD COUNT and his Son FRANCIS.*

FRANCIS.

**B**UT you are not well, Sir!---you look pale.

*Old Moor.* Quite well, my son. What have you to say to me?

*Fran.* The post is come in---a letter from our correspondent at Leipfick.

*Old Moor.* (*Earnestly*) Any news of my son Charles?

*Fran.* Why yes,---but---I am afraid---if you were ailing at all---or in the least indisposed---I beg pardon;---I will tell you at a more convenient time. (*Half aside*) Such tidings are not for a frail old man.

*Old Moor.* Great God! What am I doomed to hear?---be it even so!

*Fran.* (*Taking a letter out of his pocket*) You know our correspondent's writing. There, I would give a finger of my right hand, to be able to say he is a liar.---Call up all your fortitude, Sir.---Pardon me, Sir, you must not read this letter: it were too much to know all at once.

*Old Moor.* All, did you say? Oh, my son, you wish to spare this grey head! but——

*Fran.* (*Reads*) "Leipsick, the first of May. Your brother seems now to have filled up the measure of his shame. After contracting debts to the amount of 40,000 ducats, and seducing the daughter of a rich banker (whose lover, a brave young gentleman, he mortally wounded in a duel,) he thought proper last night, at midnight, to decamp with seven others of his profligate associates, and thus evade the pursuit of justice."  
——Father, for heaven's sake! how is it with you?

*Old*

*Old Moor.* It is enough.---Stop there, my son.

*Fran.* Yes, I will spare you.---(*He reads on*)  
 “ They have sent off warrants: the injured parties cry aloud for justice---there is a price set upon his head.---The name of Moor.”---No, these lips shall not be guilty of a father’s murder, (*tears the letter*) Believe it not, Sir! Believe not a syllable of it.

*Old Moor.* (*Weeping*) My name, my honourable name!

*Fran.* Oh, that he had never born the name of Moor! But I knew it well; ’twas what I always predicted. Observe that admired openness of character, for which you was wont to admire him, now confirmed audacity; that tenderness of feeling, awake only to the allurements of the wanton---Where is now that bright genius? where is now your hero? a spectre! Perhaps, father, you may have the satisfaction of seeing him at the head of one of those troops, that chuse the forests for their abode, and kindly ease the traveller of his burden. Perhaps, father---oh, my poor father, find out for yourself another name; or the very boys in the streets will point their fingers at you.

*Old Moor.* Is this well, my Francis? must you too pierce my heart?

*Fran.* Yes! you see that I, too, have a spirit. Ay, that poor, that ordinary creature, Francis, that stock, wooden puppet; so frigid, so insensible, and all those pretty epithets, with which you were pleased to mark the contrast 'twixt the brothers. He, poor creature, ('twas of me you spoke) he will die within his narrow bounds, and be forgotten. Yet, with uplifted hands, I thank thee, Heaven! that the poor Francis,---the cold, the stupid block, has no resemblance of his brother.

*Old Moor.* Pardon me, my child: reproach not thy miserable father, whose fondest hopes are blasted for ever. That God, who has ordained these tears to flow for the crimes of thy brother, has mercifully appointed that thou shouldst wipe them away.

*Fran.* Yes, my father! thy Francis will wipe those tears away. Thy Francis will sacrifice his own life, to prolong the days of his father.

*Old Moor.* Thou hast great and many duties to fulfil: may Heaven bless thee, for what thou hast done, and what thou yet shalt do for me!

*Fran.*



*Fran.* Say then at once that you were happy, if you could not call that wretch your son—— Suppose you throw him off at once; renounce him for ever.

*Old Moor.* (*With emotion*) What didst thou say? renounce him? wouldst thou I should curse my son?

*Fran.* Not so, my father! Curse thy son?--- Heaven forbid! But, whom dost thou call thy son?---Is it the monster, to whom thou gavest life; and who, in return, does his utmost to abridge thine?

*Old Moor.* Unnatural child! ah, me! but still *my* child.

*Fran.* Oh, that you should be thus slow to discover his character! Will nothing remove the scales from your eyes?---No! your indulgence must rivet him in all his vices; your support encourage, and even warrant them: Thus you may avert the curse from his head---that eternal curse which now must fall upon your own.

*Old Moor.* Well,---I will write to him, that I throw him off for ever!

*Fran.* 'Twere right and wisely done.

*Old Moor.* That he never see my face again.

*Fran.* That will have a good effect.

*Old*

*Old Moor.* (*With emotion*) Till he become another man.

*Fran.* Right, Sir, quite right:--But, suppose him now to come like a hypocrite, and woo you to compassion, and fawn and flatter, till he obtains his pardon:---and, the next moment, he laughs at the fond weakness of his father.

*Old Moor.* I must write to him immediately. (*He is going out.*)

*Fran.* Stop, Sir, one word more. I am afraid your anger may make you say something too harsh. It would be —— to drive him at once to despair: and, (*hesitating*) on the other hand, don't you think that he might interpret a letter from your own hand, as perhaps, a —— sort of pardon: Would it not be better, Sir, if I should write to him?

*Old Moor.* Do so, my son. Oh, it would have broke *my* heart to have written to him! Write to him that ——

*Fran.* (*Hastily*) Is that agreed, then?

*Old Moor.* Write to him that a thousand tears of blood---a thousand sleepless nights —— but don't drive him to despair.

*Fran.* Come, Sir, won't you go to bed? this affects you too much.

*Old*

*Old Moor.* Write to him that his father's heart——but don't drive him to despair.

[*Exit in great agitation.*]

*Fran.* Ay, Ay, be comforted:---Never shall you press your darling to your bosom. No, there is a gulph between——distant as heaven from hell——He was torn for ever from your arms, before you knew it was possible you ever could have desired it. These papers must not be seen; that might be dangerous, if the hand writing was known. (*Picks up all the scraps of paper*) I should be a pitiful bungler indeed, if I knew not yet, how to tear a son from the arms of his father, were they linked together with chains of iron.—Courage my boy! the favourite's removed:---That's a giant's step. But there is another heart from which I must tear that image; ay, were that heart to break for it. What are, to me, the ties of kindred?---I'll burst those trammels of affection, bonds of the soul:---I never knew their force: Nature denied me the sweet play of the heart, and all its persuasive eloquence. What must its place supply? Imperious force!---Henceforth, be that the only servant of my wishes, and all shall yield before me.

[AMELIA comes slowly from the back part of the stage.]

She comes ! Ah, the medicine works :---I know it by her step.

[Amelia, without observing him, tears a nose-gay in pieces, and treads it under foot.

What have those poor flowers done to offend you ?

*Ame.* (Starting, then looking at him stedfastly) Is it you ? you here ; whom, of all mankind, I most desired to see ?

*Fran.* Me ! is it possible ? me, of all mankind !

*Ame.* You, Sir,---even you ! I have hungered, I have thirsted for the sight of you. Stay, I conjure you.---Here, poisoner, let me enjoy my highest pleasure ; let me curse thee to thy face.

*Fran.* Why am I thus treated ? You wrong me : Go to the father.

*Ame.* Who ? That father who gives his son the bread of despair to eat, while he pampers himself with the richest delicacies ; who gluts his palled appetite with costly wines, and rests his palsied limbs on down ; while his son, his noble son, the paragon of all that's worthy, all that's



that's amiable, that's great,----wants the bare necessities of life.—— Shame on you, monster of inhumanity!---unfeeling, brutal monsters.--- His *only* son——

*Fran.* I thought he had two sons.

*Ame.* Ay, he deserves many such sons, as you. Yes!---when stretched on the bed of death, he shall extend his feeble hands, and seek to grasp for the last time his injured, noble Charles, let him feel thy icy hand, thou fiend! and shudder at the touch.

*Fran.* You rave, Amelia: I pity you.

*Ame.* Dost thou so? dost thou pity thy brother? No, savage; thou hatest him. I ask you to hate me also. I should die for shame, if, while I thought on Charles, I could, for a moment, believe that thou didst not hate me. Promise me that thou wilt; and go, villain as thou art, and leave me.

*Fran.* Charming enthusiast! How that impassioned soul enchants me.

*Ame.* (*With great emotion.*) Yes! I own it was so---Yes, in spite of you, barbarians, to the world I will avow it; I love him, I adore him.

*Fran.* How ungenerous, how cruel, to make so ill a return to so much fondness; nay to forget---

*Ame.*



*Ame.* Forget! What mean'st thou, wretch?

*Fran.* Wore he not a ring of yours----a ring you put yourself upon his finger?---It is a hard trial, I own, for the heat of youthful blood, and hardly resistible; those women have such arts, such fascinating charms.---Then, how could he help it? he had, perhaps, nothing else to give her.

*Ame.* My ring to a wanton? How sayst thou? My ring?

*Fran.* Ay, think of that. Had I such a jewel, and from Amelia too,---death itself should not have ravished it from this hand!

*Ame.* But, it cannot be!---Thou art a slanderer!

*[Francis remains awhile absorbed in thought, and then turns away suddenly, as if going out.]*

Whither art thou going? does shame overpower thee?

*Fran.* Let me be gone! let my tears have their free course! Cruel, tyrannic father! that could abandon to misery, the best, the worthiest of thy children. Let me have this moment to throw myself at his feet, and on my knees intreat to heap upon my head that heavy malediction.

*Ame.* What now! is it possible? art thou yet my Charles's brother? the kind, the tender?

*Fran.*

*Fran.* Oh, Amelia ! how I admire that matchless constancy of affection ! Wilt thou pardon me that most severe---that cruel trial of my love ? Hear me !---'twas on a calm still evening, the last before his departure for Leipfick ; when taking me along with him to that grove, which has fo often witnessed the rapturous expreffions of your paffion ; there, after a long f Silence, he took my hand in his ; and, while the tears almoft choked his utterance,---I leave my Amelia, faid he, I know not how to account for it, but I have a fad prefentiment that it is for ever. Do not abandon her, my dear brother ! Be her friend, her Charles, fhould it happen that Charles fhould never return--- that he were gone for ever ! (*throwing himfelf at Amelia's feet, and kissing her hand with ardor*) And he is gone for ever ; no more will he return :---And I have pledged my f acred promife.

*Ame.* (*Springing back*) Traitor ! are you now detected ? 'Twas in that very grove, that we exchanged our folemn plighted oath, that no other love, even after death.---What an impious wretch art thou : How execrable ! Quit my fight.

*Fran.* You know me not, Amelia ! ftill you know me not.

*Ame.* Oh, I know you well ! most completely well ! At this instant quit my fight.

*Fran.* You insult me grossly, Madam.

*Ame.* Quit my fight, I say ! Thou hast robbed me of a precious hour : may it be counted on thy worthless life !

*Fran.* You hate me, then ?

*Ame.* I scorn you ! Wretch, begone !

*Fran.* What ? (*stamping with fury on the ground*)  
Thou shalt quake for this ! To be sacrificed to an outcast !

[*Exit*

*Ame.* Go, mean and infamous wretch ! now, I am once more with Charles.---Outcast did he say ? I would not change the rags, which that poor outcast wears, for the imperial purple. — What must be that look with which he begs his bread ? an eye of majesty itself, a look, that dazzles into nought the splendour of the proud, the pageant triumph of the rich and great.

[*Exit*

SCENE

SCENE II.

*An Inn on the Frontiers of Saxony.*

---

CHARLES DE MOOR,

*(Walking about very impatiently.)*

What is become of these fellows? Here, house! get me some more wine.---'Tis very late, and the post not yet arrived: *(putting his hand on his heart)* how beats it here? Hollo! more wine, I say! I need a double portion of courage to day, for joy or for despair.

*[Wine is brought: he drinks, and strikes the table violently with his glass.]*

Wretches, whose income is beyond computation, have worn my threshold in dunning payment of a few miserable debts: yet, so friendly have I entreated them, grasped them by the hand: Give me but a single day: All in vain! What are prayers, oaths, tears, to them? They touch not the scaly armour of an impenetrable heart.

C

*Enter*

*Enter SPIEGELBERG with Letters*

*Spieg.* A plague consume it! One stroke after another! Damnation! What think'st thou, Moor? It drives on to madness.

*Moor.* What is the matter now?

*Spieg.* The matter, read;---read it yourself! Our trade's at an end: Peace proclaimed in Germany.

*Moor.* Peace in Germany?

*Spieg.* Yes! 'tis enough to make a man hang himself:---Pens must scribble where swords hacked before.

*Moor.* (*Throwing away his sword.*) Then, let cowards rule, and men throw by their arms. Here I bid adieu to all noble enterprise, and seek once more my native peaceful fields.

*Spieg.* What the devil, will you play the prodigal son upon us? Fie, fie! Shame upon it! Misfortune should never make a coward of a man.

*Moor.* Maurice! I will ask pardon of my father, and think it no shame. Call it weakness, if you please: It is the weakness of a man; and he who feels it not, must be either above or below it. I steer the middle course.

*Spieg.*



*Spieg.* Go, then: I know thee no longer for Moor. Have you forgot, how many thousand times, with the glass in your hand, you scoffed at the old miser?---Let him scrape and hoard, as he will, I'll drink the more for it.---Have you forgot that, Moor? That was spoke like a man; but now-----

*Moor.* Curse on you for that remembrance! May I be cursed for ever having uttered it: 'twas the speech of intoxication: my heart abhorred what my tongue expressed.

*Spieg.* So, you would then give up the game; bury your talents in the earth. Do you think our paltry exploits at Leipfick, were the limits of human genius? Let us launch into the great world.---Paris and London for me! There, if you salute a person with the title of honest man, he knocks you down for it---there, a man has some pleasure in the trade: 'tis on a grand scale: such charming counterfeiting of hands, loading of dice, picking of locks, and gutting of strong boxes.

*Moor.* (*Ironically*) What, have you got that length?

*Spieg.* You mistrust me, I think. Stay, till I get warmed in the business, and you shall see

wonders : you shall all be jealous of me.——  
I will invent such places, as shall confound you  
all. Go, leave me. You shall all be indebted to  
my bounty for your support.

*Moor.* You are a fool. The wine has got into  
your head : 'tis that makes you bluster so.

*Spieg.* Yes, yes ! the name of Spiegelberg  
shall fly from pole to pole : and you, ye cowards,  
ye reptiles, ye shall crawl in the dirt, while  
Spiegelberg shall soar to the temple of glory with  
an eagle's flight.

*Moor.* A good journey to you. Soar away to  
the pinnacle of glory from the top of the gallows.  
In the shade of my paternal woods, in the arms  
of Amelia, I court far nobler pleasures. 'Tis now  
eight days since I have written to my father, to  
entreat his pardon. I have not concealed from him  
the smallest circumstance of my misconduct ;  
and sincere repentance will ever find forgiveness.  
Maurice, let us part ; part, never to meet again.  
The post is arrived : at this very hour my father's  
pardon is within these walls.

*Enter* SWITZER, GRIMM, ROLLER, & SCHUFTERLE.

*Roller.* Do you know, that there is a search  
for us ; and, that every moment, we may expect  
to be apprehended ?

*Moor.* I am not surpris'd at it; nor do I care how matters go. Have none of you seen Razman? did he not speak of some letters he had for me?

*Roller.* I believe he has some; for he has been looking for you. We desired him to be at this place. You tremble, Sir,

*Moor.* I do not tremble. What should I tremble for? Friends, this letter ——re-  
rejoice with me: I am the happiest of men. Tremble! Why should I tremble?

*Enter RAZMAN—MOOR runs up to him.*

*Moor.* The letter: where is the letter?

*[Razman gives a letter, which he eagerly opens.*

*My brother's hand ——(reads)*

*Roller.* What the devil is Spiegelberg about there?

*Spieg.* (*After a long pause of reflection, starting up, and seizing Switzer by the throat,*) Your purse, or your life.

*[Switzer, with great coolness, drives him against the wall. All laugh. Moor, after having read the letter, lets it fall, and is going out distracted.*

*Roller.* (*Stopping him*) Moor, where are you going? What's the matter, Moor?

*Moor.* Lost! lost for ever lost!

[*Rushes out.*]

*Switz.* He must have got strange news. Let us see, what it can be?

[*takes up the letter, and reads.*]

“Unfortunate brother; I am sorry to inform you, that you have nothing more to hope for. Your father says, you may go wheresoever your evil genius shall direct you: He gives you up to perdition. He bids me tell you, that though you were to come in tears, and cling to his knees, you cannot hope for pardon: that you may expect a dungeon of the castle for your apartment, and bread and water for your sustenance, till your bristly hairs outgrow the feathers of an eagle, and your nails the claws of a vulture. These are his very words: he orders me to stop here, to bid you an eternal adieu.—I pity you from my soul, Francis de Moor.”——Here's a pretty kind brother for you! and this vermin is called Francis.

*Spieg.* Bread and water! was that the word? a fine life, indeed! No; I shall find a better for you than that: did not I always tell you, I must scheme for you?

*Raz.* What do you propose for our relief? What is your plan for raising us from this pitiful state?

*Spieg.* Listen to me. (*He places himself in the midst of them*) Is there a drop of German blood, of the blood of the heroes in your veins? Come, let us betake ourselves to the forests of Bohemia; form a troop of robbers; and—What do you stare at?

*Roller.* Maurice, Maurice, have a care of yourself: beware of the beast that has three legs.

*Spieg.* And are you afraid of that, you pitiful animal? Many a noble fellow, fit to have reformed the world, has rotted between heaven and earth: and does not the renown of such men live for centuries?

*Raz.* Great and masterly, by heaven! take me to yourself. I am yours for ever.

*Grim.* Ay; let them call it infamy! What then? Courage, my boy: Have with you.

[*Gives his hand.*]

*Schuf.* Give me your hand.

*Switz.* (*Coming slowly forward and giving his hand*) Maurice, thou art a great man.

*Roller.* (*After a silence, with his eyes fixed on Switzer*) What? and you too, my friend?



Give me your hand. Roller and Switzer for ever! ay, to the pit of perdition.

*Spieg.* Up to the stars, my boys; courage! Off with your glasses. Here's a health to the God Mercury.

*All (drinking)* Here he goes.

*Spieg.* Now for business. A twelvemonth hence, we shall be able to buy earldoms.

*Switz.* Yes, if we are not broke upon the wheel.

[*They are going off*]

*Roller.* Softly, my boys, where are you going? The beast must have a head to its body. Rome and Sparta never could have stood, without a chief to command them.

*Spieg. (In a tone of complacency)* Yes, very right. Roller speaks to the purpose. We must have a chief; a man of talents, great reach,—a politick head.

*Roller.* If there was any hope,—any chance that—But, I despair of his consent.

*Spieg.* Why despair, my friend? Perhaps, he may be prevailed upon.

*Roller.* It will be all children's play, if he is not our leader. Without Moor, we are a body without a soul.

*Spieg. (Turning aside)* Blockhead.

*Enter MOOR, very much agitated.*

*Moor.* Men, Men! false, treacherous crocodiles! Your eyes are water—your hearts are iron. The lion and the panther feed their whelps; the raven strips the carrion to bring it to her young, and he—he —Whatever malice can devise, I have learnt to bear: I could smile, when my enemy drinks of my heart's blood. But, when a father's love becomes a fury's hate—Oh, then, let fire rage here, where once was humanity; the tender-hearted lamb becomes a tiger.

*Roller.* Hearkee, Moor! What's your opinion? Is not the life of a robber better than starving in a dungeon?

*Moor.* To repent, and not to be forgiven! Oh, I could poison the ocean, that they might drink death in every source. I trusted to his compassion; relied on it wholly; and found no pity.

*Raz.* Do you hear, Moor! this frenzy makes him deaf.

*Moor.* Begone, fly! Is not your name man? Out of my sight with that human face. I loved him with such unutterable affection! no son  
ever

ever loved a father so: I would have sacrificed a thousand lives for him. Ah, where is he that will put a sword into my hand, to extinguish at one mortal blow this viperous race! Oh, he were my friend, my angel, my God! I would fall down and worship him.

*Roller.* We will be such friends, let us but speak to you.

*Raz.* Come with us to the forests of Bohemia. We'll form a troop of robbers: and then——

*Switz.* Thou shalt be our captain! Thou must be our captain.

*Moor.* (*To Razman*) Who put that thought into your head? Tell me, firrah!——Yes, by the thousand arms of death! that we will! that we shall do! 'Tis a thought worthy of a divinity! Robbers and assassins, as my soul lives, I will be your captain.

*All.* Long live the captain.

*Spieg.* (*Aside*) Till I give him his mittimus.

*Moor.* So now, the scales drop from my eyes. What a fool I was, to think of returning to my cage? My soul thirsts for action, my spirit pants for liberty. Robbers and assassins! With those words, I set all laws at defiance. Man had no humanity, when I appealed to humanity. Pity  
and

and compassion; here let me throw you off for ever. I have no father, no affection more. Come, death and murder, be my masters; and teach me to forget that this heart e'er knew what fondness was. Here stand around in a circle and swear to be true to me, till death.

*All.* (*Except Spiegelberg*) Till death.

*Moor.* And now, by this man's right hand, I swear to be your faithful commander, till death. Now, by my soul, I'll make a corpse of him who first shews fear among you. Are you agreed?

*All.* We are all agreed.

*Moor* Then let us go,—fear neither danger nor death. Our destiny has long been fixed, unalterable; and each shall meet his end, as fate decrees,—on the down bed, or in the bloody field; the gibbet, or the wheel! One of these deaths we die for certain.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

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SCENE I.

*Old de Moor's Castle.*

---

FRANCIS *alone.*

I'VE lost all patience with these doctors---an old man's life is an eternity; If to tear the soul could kill the body: Ay, that were something: an original invention. Think on that, Moor--- 'Twere an art, worthy to have thee for its inventor. (*Musing*) Hum, hum! Ha, I have it! I will play my battery of death;---stroke after stroke, incessant; till nature's mold is broken, and the whole troop of furies seize his soul; and end their work by horror and despair.----- Triumphant thought!--now for the work.



*Enter HERMAN.*

*Fran.* What, Herman?

*Her.* Herman, at your service, good Sir!

*Fran.* I have something to say to you, Herman.

*Her.* I hear you with a thousand years.

*Fran.* I know you well: you're resolute and brave: you have a foldier's heart! My father, Herman, by heavens, he wrong'd you much!

*Her.* By hell, I won't forget it!

*Fran.* That's spoken like a man. Revenge becomes a man: I like you, Herman. Here, take this purse; it should be heavier, were I the master. Here!

*Her.* Good Sir! I thank you heartily. 'Tis my most earnest wish you were.

*Fran.* Say you so, good Herman? But, my father, he has the marrow of a lion in his bones, and I am but a younger son.

*Her.* I wish you were the elder, and he in the last stage of a consumption.

*Fran.* Ha! were that the case, the eldest son would not forget you, my friend. Then should you roll in gold: then should you——But I have wandered from what I meant to say.----- Have you quite forgot the fair Amelia?

*Her.* Thunder of heaven! why have you called up that thought?

*Fran.* You lost her: 'twas my brother, that was the conjuror there.

*Her.* He shall pay dearly for it.

*Fran.* She distinguish'd you, I believe; and he thrust you down stairs. He advised you to sell your patent of nobility to mend your stockings.

*Her.* Hell consume him; I'll tear his eyes out with these nails.

*Fran.* Herman, come near. Thou shalt have Amelia.

*Her.* I will have her; in spite of hell, I'll have her.

*Fran.* You shall have her, I tell you, and from my hand: Come near. You don't know, perhaps, that Charles is as good as disinherited. But the old man begins to repent a little, of the precipitate step he has taken; and the girl *Amelia*, I mean, pursues him incessantly with her tears and reproaches. He will be sending in quest of him by and by all over the world; and if he is found, good night to you, Herman. You may then make your obedience, and humbly open the coach door, when he goes to church with her.

*Her.* I'll strangle him at the altar.

*Fran.* His father will soon give his estates up to him, and live in retirement. Then that proud hot-headed blusterer will have the reins in his own hands, and laugh his enemies to scorn.

*Her.* No! If there is a spark of invention in this head, that shall never be.

*Fran.* You too, my dear Herman, must sink beneath the scourger.

*Her.* (*Eagerly*) Tell me what I must do.

*Fran.* Hear then, Herman, you see how I enter into your feelings, like a true friend. Go, change your clothes, disguise yourself, get yourself announced to the old man, as one that is just return'd from Hungary. Give out, that you were with my brother, at the last battle; and that you were present, when he breath'd his last upon the field.

*Her.* Will they believe me?

*Fran.* Poh, let me alone for that: Take this packet. Here you will find a commission, and all the necessary documents, that would convince suspicion itself of the truth of your story. As for the winding up of the plot, leave that to me.

*Her.* And then, it will be, "long live our new master, our noble lord," Francis de Moor.

*Fran.* Ha! You see it at the first glance: for look-ye, how sure and how quick the project works. Amelia's hopes are gone for ever:---the old man lays his son's death at his own door; he falls sick;---a tottering house does not want an earthquake to bring it down;---he'll never outlive your intelligence:---Then, I am his only son;---Amelia has lost every support, and is the play-thing of my will: You may easily guess what follows: you——in short, all goes to a wish. But you must not flinch from your word.

*Her.* Flinch, did you say? The ball might as soon fly back to the cannon. You may depend upon me. Farewell.

*Fran.* Remember 'tis for yourself you are working.

[*Exit Herman.*]

*Francis.* How impetuously the blockhead throws off his honesty, to snatch at an object that the smallest spark of common sense must convince him he never can attain. This fellow is an arrant knave, and yet he trusts to one's promise:---it costs him nothing to deceive an honest man; and yet, when deceived himself, he never will forgive it.—Is this the boasted lord of the creation?

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

OLD MOOR'S APARTMENT.

---

*The COUNT asleep. Enter AMELIA.*

AMELIA.

SOFTLY, oh! softly: he is asleep.---How good, how venerable! Such is the countenance with which they paint the blessed faints. Angry with thee?---Oh, no!---with that grey head?---Oh, never, never!

*Old Moor. (in his sleep)* My Charles, my Charles!

*Ame.* Hark! his guardian angel has heard my prayers! 'Tis sweet to breathe the air in which his name was uttered. I'll stay here.

*Old Moor. (still asleep.)* Are you there?---Oh, do not look so pitifully upon me. I am miserable enough already.

*[He stirs restlessly.]*

*Ame. (Waking him hastily)* Uncle, my dear Uncle, 'twas but a dream.

D

Old



*Old Moor.* ( *Waking* ) Where am I ; are you there, my niece ?

*Ame.* You had a delightful sleep, Sir.

*Old Moor.* I was dreaming of my Charles. Why did they break my dreams ? I might have had my pardon from his mouth.

*Ame.* His pardon ! Angels have no resentment : He forgives you ; Uncle !——I forgive you too.

*Old Moor.* No, no, my child ! that wan cheek, that deadly pale, bears witness in spite of thee. Poor girl ! I have wasted all the promises of thy spring, thy joys of youth : These images bring back past times. Oh, my child ! I was so happy in your loves. ( *Weeps* )

*Enter DANIEL.*

*Dan.* Sir ! there's a man without who wishes to speak with you. He says he brings tidings of importance.

*Old Moor.* To me, Amelia, there is but one subject of such tidings ; you know it.--- Perhaps 'tis some poor wretch who comes to me for charity, for relief ; he shall not go hence in sorrow. Admit him.

[ *Exit Daniel.*

*Ame.*

*Ame.* A beggar; and he is let in at once.

*Enter FRANCIS, HERMAN in disguise, & DANIEL.*

*Fran.* Here is the man, Sir: he says he has terrible news for you: Can you bear to hear it, Sir.

*Old Moor.* I know but one thing terrible to hear. Speak it out, friend.

*Her.* You are the father of Charles de Moor?

*Ame.* How do you know that?

*Her.* I knew his son.

*Old Moor.* Is he alive---is he alive?—Do you know him?—Where is he?

*Her.* He studied at the University of Leip-sick: whither he went from thence, I know not. He wandered all over Germany, bare-headed and bare-footed, as he told me him-self; and begged his bread from door to door. About five months afterwards, the terrible war broke out between the Turks and the Poles: He followed the victorious army of King Matthias to the town of Pesth: he and I slept in the same tent. Often did he speak of his old father, and of his blasted hopes.

*Old Moor.* Enough, enough! No more.

*Her.* Soon afterwards, we had a hot engagement: Your son did prodigies that day. A whole shower of fire was poured from every quarter: Your son kept his ground. A ball shattered his right hand: he seized the colours with his left; and still, he kept his ground.

*Ame.* He kept his ground, uncle! He kept his ground.

*Her.* I found him lying in the field of battle, the blood flowing from his wounds.---Fellow-soldier, (says he) I am told that the General has fallen: I follow him! He took his hand from his side; and, in a few moments, he breathed his last like a hero.

*Fran.* (*Pretending rage*) Curs'd be that tongue! Wretch, are you come here to be my father's executioner?

*Her.* It was the last request of my dying friend.---Take this sword (says he, in a faltering voice); carry it to my father: Tell him, his malediction was my doom:---'twas that which made me rush on battle and on death. I die in despair. The last word he uttered was *Amelia!*

*Old*

*Old Moor.* My malediction was his death!  
He died in despair?

*Her.* Here is the sword.

*Ame.* The last word was *Amelia?*

*Old Moor* 'Twas I that gave him my  
curse---he died by my hand?

*Her.* (*very much agitated*) I cannot stand  
it: this sight of misery unmans me. My Lord,  
farewell. (*To Francis aside*) Have you a heart?

[*Exit Herman*

*Ame.* Amelia! with his last sigh. Is it then  
true?---alas, too true!-----He is dead----my  
Charles is dead!

[*Exit Amelia.*

*Fran.* (*Looking at his father*) Damnation!  
He has a heart of adamant!-----Thus buf-  
feted, and yet unbroken?---all my art is lost  
upon him.

*Old Moor.* Oh, misery! My child, my  
daughter, do not abandon me. (*To Francis*)  
Wretch, give me back my son.

*Fran.* Who was it gave him his male-  
diction? Who was it made him rush on  
battle and on death? Who drove him to  
despair?

*Old Moor.* It was you who made me throw him off: You, who forced that malediction from my heart!——Oh, give me back my son! Monster, inhuman monster, give me back my son!

*[Rises furiously, and endeavours to seize Francis, who runs out: He falls on the floor.]*

Oh!---to be in despair, and not to die!——  
They abandon me in death. Oh! will none for pity hold this head?-----will none release this spirit----no son, no niece, no friend? Oh, despair?

*[Exit, led by Daniel.]*

SCENE



SCENE III.

*A Forest in Bohemia.*

---

RAZMAN *enters alone on one side, and SPIEGELBERG*  
*with a few others on the other side.*

RAZMAN.

WELCOME, brother! welcome, my brave fellow, to the forests of Bohemia. Whence come you now?

*Spieg.* Hot from the fair of Leipfick.---- There was rare sport. And how has it fared with you since we left you? I could tell you of such feats.

*Raz.* I have no doubt of it: But where have you picked up all these fellows? You recruit like a hero.

*Spieg.* Ay, and a set of clever dogs too.

*Raz.* The captain will make you welcome with these brave boys: he has got some fine fellows too.

*Spieg.* P'fhaw! Your captain! Put his men and mine in comparifon. But where is he?

*Raz.* What, don't you know?——Poor Roller!

*Spieg.* What of him?

*Raz.* He's hang'd; that's all.

*Spieg.* What---when---where did you hear of it?

*Raz.* Why, we heard nothing of him for fome time: he was all that while in jail: he was three times put to the rack, to make him difcover his captain. The brave fellow never squeaked. Yesterday he got fentence; and this morning he went off to the devil. Our Captain only heard of it yesterday. You know he always thought highly of Roller: He vows he will light him up fuch a funeral pile as never king had; and he and Switzer are gone about it.

*Spieg.* Poor Roller.

[*Roller's voice is heard hallooing,*

*Raz.* By heaven's! 'tis his voice.

*Enter MOOR, ROLLER, SWITZER, GRIMM, and SCHUFTERLE, and the whole band, all bespattered as from the road.*

*Moor.* Roller is free. Take my horse, and dash a bottle of wine over him. (*He sits down on the ground.*) 'Twas hot work.

*Speig.* Are you his ghost, or are you flesh and blood?

*Roller.* (*Quite breathless*) Flesh and blood, my boy. Where do you think I came from?

*Raz.* Who the devil knows. — Ask the witch on whose broomstick you rode. Had not you received sentence?

*Roller.* Ay, truly, and something more: I was at the foot of the gallows. Switzer will tell you. What are you there, Spiegelberg? I thought to have met you somewhere else.

*Spieg.* How did you escape? I am in amaze. From the foot of the gallows, did you say?

*Roller.* Yes? 'twas my captain. I thank my captain for my breath, my liberty, my life.

*Swit.* Ha! the trick's worth telling: It was but yesterday that we got notice by our spies, that unless the sky fell, or some such accident,

Roller

Roller was certainly to die this morning.——  
Come, said the captain! Shall our friend go  
swinging, and we do nothing for him? He gave his  
orders to the band: we sent a trusty fellow who  
contrived to give Roller notice, by slipping  
a scrap of paper into his soup.

*Roller.* I had no hopes of the thing succeeding.

*Switz.* We watch'd for the moment; when  
every thing was quiet, the streets deserted, every  
mortal gone, to see the sight—now, said the  
captain, now's the time: set fire. Our fellows  
darted like a shot through the town, set fire to  
it in three and thirty different places: They  
threw burning matches on the powder ma-  
gazine, into the churches, and the store-  
houses; and in a moment the whole was in  
a whirlwind of fire. There was such a horrible  
noise and confusion, the great bells were set  
a ringing, the powder magazine blew up! 'twas  
as if heaven and earth and hell had gone  
together.

*Roller.* Then my attendants began to look  
behind them; all the range of hills re-echoed  
with the explosions: the terror was universal:  
now was the time: they had taken off my irons,  
off I went like an arrow, out of sight in a mo-  
ment,

ment, while they stood petrified ; luckily, I had but a few paces to run to the river. I tore off my clothes, jump'd in, and swam under water, till I thought they had lost sight of me. Our captain was on the other side, with horses ready and clothes for me ; and here, my boys, here I am ! Moor, my brave fellow, I wish only you were in the same scrape, that I might help you out of it.

*Raz.* Egad ! It was a masterly stroke.

*Roller.* Ay, so it was : but you can't judge of it : no, unless you had the rope about your neck. Then those hellish preparations, and every foot you went a step nearer that cursed machine ! and the croaking of a whole legion of carrion crows, that had been feasting on the precious corruption of my predecessor, that hung there, half rotted away. Oh ! I shall never forget it : no ! for all the treasures of Cræsus, I would not undergo that again. Dying !——'Zounds, 'tis no more than cutting a caper : 'tis what goes before — that's the devil.

*Switz.* Schusterle, can you tell how many were killed ?

*Scuf.* Eighty three, they say : the steeple crush'd sixty of them to death.

*Moor.*



*Moor.* Roller! thou wast dearly bought.

*Scuf.* Poh, poh, what signifies all that?—  
Indeed, if they had been men: but they were  
babies in leading strings, or the superannuated  
nurses.

*Moor.* Poor wretches; the old, the decrepid,  
and the infants.

*Scuf.* In passing one of these little barracks,  
I heard some squalling. I peep'd in, and what  
do you think it was? a child that lay on the floor  
beneath a table, and the flames just catching it.  
Poor little fellow, said I, you are starving for  
cold there! and so I chuck'd him into the fire.

*Moor.* Did you so, Scufsterle? May that fire  
consume you, body and soul, to eternity! Out of  
my sight, you monster; never be seen in my troop  
again.

[*The band begin to murmur.*]

What, you murmur, do you? Who dares to  
murmur, when I command? out of my sight,  
I say, Sir. There are others among you who are  
ripe for my indignation. Spiegelberg, I know  
you. It wont be long, e'er I call over the roll;  
and I'll make such a muster, as shall make you  
all tremble.

[*They go out much agitated.*]

*MOOR alone, walking about.*

Hear it not, oh God of vengeance! Am I to blame for this; art thou to blame, oh Father of Heaven? When the instruments of thy wrath, the pestilence, flood, and famine o'erwhelm at once the righteous and the guilty, who can command the flames to stay their course, to destroy only the noxious vermin, and spare the fertile field? Poor fool! Oh shame, hast thou then presumptuously dar'd to wield Jove's thunder, and with thy aimless arm to let the Titan 'scape, while the poor pigmy suffers? Go, slave! 'tis not for thee to wield the sword of the most high. Behold, thy first essay! Here then, I renounce the rash design. Hence, let me seek some cavern of the earth to hide me,---to hide my shame from the eye of day.

*[He is going out.]*

*Enter RAZMAN.*

*Raz.* Captain! Captain! we are discovered, track'd. Here's a circle drawn in the forest, and some thousands surrounding us.

*Enter*

*Enter SPIEGELBERG.*

*Spieg.* Oh Lord, oh Lord ! we are all taken, every man of us hang'd, drawn, and quartered. Ten thousand hussars, dragoons and jaghers, have got the heights above us, and block'd up all the passes.

*[Exit Moor.]*

*Enter SWITZER, GRIMM, & SCHUFTERLE,  
and all the rest from every part of the stage.*

*Switz.* Where is the captain ; is all the band assembled ; have we ammunition enough ?

*Raz.* Plenty of that. But we are only eighty in all : not one to twenty.

*Switz.* So much the better : those poor dogs are shot at for sixpence : we fight for life and liberty. Where the devil is the captain ?

*Spieg.* He deserts us at this extremity. Is there no way left to escape ?

*Swit.* Escape, coward ? may hell choke you for that word. Zounds, Sirrah ! show your face in the ranks, or you shall be sew'd alive in a sack, and thrown to the dogs.

*Enter*

*Enter Moor.*

*Moor.* Well my boys, we are tied to the stake; one choice, fight or die!

*Switz.* Lead us on captain, we will follow you to the gates of hell.

*Moor.* Load all your muskets. Have you powder enough?

*Switz.* Powder enough? ay, to blow up the earth to the moon.

*Raz.* Each of us has five pair of pistols loaded, and three carbines.

*Moor.* Well done! Some of you must get upon the trees, and others conceal themselves in the thickets, and fire upon them in ambush.

*Switz.* Spiegelberg! that will be your post.

*Moor.* The rest of us will fall like furies on their flanks. We three, Roller, Switzer, and I, will fight wherever the main force is.

*Enter A COMMISSARY.*

*Raz.* Ha, here comes one of the blood-hounds of justice!

*Switz.* Kill him on the spot; don't let him open his mouth.

*Moor.*

*Moor.* Peace, there! I'll hear what he has to say.

*Comm.* With your leave, Gentlemen! I have in my power the full authority of justice, and there are eight hundred soldiers here at hand, who watch over every hair of my head.

*Moor.* Speak, Sir! and be brief:—What are your commands?

*Comm.* I come, Sir, by authority of that august magistrate, who decides upon life and death; and I have one word for you, and two for your band.

*Moor.* What did the most august magistrate please to inform me of by your mouth?

*Comm.* What you never will be worthy to receive. Look around you, you horrible incendiary, as far as your eye can reach: You are surrounded by our horsemen; no escape for you: You may as soon expect these stunted oaks and pines to bear peaches and cherries.

*Moor.* Go on, Sir.

*Comm.* Hear then how merciful, how long suffering is Justice to the wicked.—If this very moment you lay down your arms, and humbly intreat for mercy; *then* Justice will be



be like an indulgent mother; she will shut her eyes on one half of your numberless crimes, and only condemn you.—Think well of it——To be broken alive upon the wheel!

*Switz.* Captain, shall I cut his throat?

*Moor.* Don't touch him. Hearkee, Sir! There are here seventy nine of us, and I their captain. Not a man of us has been taught to trot at a signal, or dance to the music of artillery; and, on your side, there are eight hundred disciplin'd troops, staunch and experienc'd warriors. Now, hear me, Sir; hear what Moor says, the captain of these incendiaries. Go, tell your august magistrate, he that throws the dice on life and death, tell him, I am none of those banditti, who are in compact with sleep and with the midnight hour. I scale no walls in the dark, and force no bolts to plunder. What I have done, shall be engraven in that book, where all the actions of mankind are recorded. But with you, poor ministers of earthy justice, I hold no further communing. Tell your master, that my trade is the *lex talionis*, like for like; vengeance is my trade.

[He turns his back upon him.]

E

*Comm.*

*Comm.* Do you refuse then, to hearken to the voice of mercy? If that is the case, I have done with you. (*Turns to the band.*) Hear, you fellows! If you immediately deliver up to me that condemned malefactor, you shall have a full pardon. The road of salvation shall be open to you, and every one of you shall get posts and places: Read with your own eyes; here is a general pardon sign'd and seal'd.

[*He gives Switzer a paper.*]

*Moor.* Do you hear that, my friends? hear you that,—What stops you? How can you hesitate? You are already prisoners, and you have an offer of your liberty: you are already under sentence of death, and you have an offer of your lives: you are promised honours, places, and emoluments; and what can you gain, even if you conquer, but execration, and infamy, and persecution? How now! still in doubt? have you no answer? Do you hope to gain your liberty by your swords? Look around you; 'tis impossible to think so; 'twere to think like children, if you did! What! still irresolute? are you mad? do you think, I thank you for my life? not at all! I disdain the sacrifice you are making.

*Comm.* This is beyond belief: I never saw any thing like it: I must make off.

*Moor.* You are afraid, perhaps, that I should put myself to death; and that, as the bargain is to deliver me alive, that may break it. No, my friends, that you have no reason to fear: See, there is my dagger, my pistols, and, what I have always carried with me, my poison. (*Throws them away.*) What, not determined yet? But, perhaps, you think I shall struggle, when you seize me. Look here! I tie my right hand to this branch of an oak: now I am quite defenceless; a child may take me. Now come on! who will be the first to betray his captain?

*Roller.* Ay, if all hell should open, who is the scoundrel, that will betray his captain?

*Switz.* (*Tearing the pardon, and throwing it in the Commissary's face, who goes out.*)——

There! our pardon is at the mouth of our muskets. Tell your magistrates, that you have not found one traitor in all our company.—— Save the captain.

*All.* Save the captain; save our noble captain!

[*Moor untwists his hand from the tree.*]

*Moor.* Now, my brave lads, we are free indeed ! I have a whole host in this single arm : We shall not leave a man of them alive.

*[They sound the charge with great noise, and Exeunt, sword in hand.]*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

---

SCENE I.

*A Room in Count de Moor's Castle.*

---

AMELIA *sitting in a pensive attitude.*

*Enter FRANCIS. Both of them in deep mourning.*

FRANCIS.

WHAT, still here, my little obstinate enthusiast! You stole away from our entertainment. My guests were in charming spirits, but you disturb'd all our mirth.

*Ame.* Shame on such mirth, when your father's funeral dirge is yet sounding in your ears.

*Fran.* What still sorrowing? Will those pretty eyes never be dry? Come, let the dead sleep in their graves. I come, to inform you—



*Ame.* What I know already ; that Francis de Moor is now the lord and master.

*Fran.* Precisely so : It was upon that subject I wanted to talk with you. Maximilian de Moor is gone to sleep with his fathers : I am now the lord of these domains, and all they contain. Pardon me, Amelia ! I wish to be lord of all : You know, that you were properly a part of our family. You know, my father regarded you, as his own child : You have not forgot him, Amelia : You never will forget him !

*Ame.* Never, Sir, never : No banquet, no mirth and revelry shall banish his idea from my mind.

*Fran.* Pious affection ? But what you owed to the father, the son sure now may claim : and Charles, being dead———Ha, you are surprised, overwhelmed ! are you not ? Ay, truly ! so flattering a thought, a prospect so brilliant, and what so suddenly presented itself to your mind, was too much even for a woman's pride. That Francis de Moor should spurn the proud ambition of the noblest families, and offer at the feet of a poor orphan, destitute and helpless, his heart, his hand, his wealth, these castles and domains ! He would, all envy and  
all

all fear apart, declare himself Amelia's voluntary slave.

*Ame.* Curst wretch! my Charles's murderer; and thou hopest to be the husband of Amelia!

*Fran.* Not quite so high a tone! Francis de Moor has not learnt, like the Arcadian swains, to breath his amorous complaints to the caves, and rocks, and echoes. He speaks: and when he is not answer'd, he commands!

*Ame.* Worm!--Reptile! Thou command? Command me?—and if I laugh to scorn your commands, what then?

*Fran.* A cloister and imprisonment! I know how to tame, to break that high spirit.

*Ame.* Ha! Excellent! Welcome, the cloister and imprisonment that hides me from the glances of that basilisk: There I shall be free to think of Charles, to dwell on that dear image.--- Away! Haste to that blest abode.

*Fran.* Is it so, then? Thanks for that instruction. Now, I have learnt the art to gall you: This head, arm'd like another fury's, with her snakes, shall fright your Charles from your heart. The horrible Francis shall lurk behind the picture of your lover, like the hound of hell. I will drag you by those locks to the

altar, and with my dagger force from your quivering heart the nuptial oath. Come to the altar this instant, come!

[*Endeavours to force her away.*]

*Ame. (Throwing herself about his neck.)—*  
Pardon me Francis. (*When going to take her in his arms, she draws his sword, and steps back a few paces.*) See'st thou, villain, what I can do? Dare to come near me, and this steel——my Uncle's hand shall guide it to thy heart. Fly me this instant.

[*She pursues him out with the sword.*]

Ah! now, I am at ease; I can breath again; I felt a tiger's rage! To a cloister, did he say? Thanks for that blessed thought! Love forlorn, and hopeless love, finds there a kind retreat. Yes! hear me heaven, and you blessed spirits that sit above: spirits of those who truly lov'd on earth, hear me! This heart, like yours, was devoted to one mortal: He is dead! and Heaven alone---Yes, Heaven and a future state, can that sad heart look up to----that has lost all joy on earth. (*Kneels*) Oh, Father of Mercies! that made this heart so passionate and faithful, have mercy on me!----  
Mercy

Mercy !——And, if I'm doom'd to drag on yet on earth some years of misery, may this passion turn to real devotion---may my youth and sex plead my pardon !

[*Rises up.*

This night, when all mankind are buried in sleep, I will fly this horrid castle ; and, in a convent, try to forget the name of Moor---myself !——and learn-----alas, alas, I have lived a martyr !----in a convent, like a saint, I'll learn to die.

[*Exit in despair.*

FRANCIS enters with HERMAN.

*Fran.* She is gone : here we may converse at liberty.

*Her.* What did you want with me, Count ?

*Fran.* That you should give the finishing stroke to your work---put the seal to it.

*Her.* Really ?

*Fran.* Give the picture the last touch.

*Her.* Poh !

*Fran.* Supposing we walk out, we may talk over it more at leisure.

*Her.* Less ceremony, Sir, if you please :---all the business that you and I have to settle to-

to-day, may be done within the four walls of this apartment. Meanwhile a word or two by way of preface, which may perhaps save your breath in further communing.

*Fran. (reservedly.)* 'Em! and what may these words be?

*Her. (Ironically)* Thou shalt have Amelia, I say, and from my hand. Amelia has lost every support, and is the plaything of my will:--- then you may easily guess what follows: in short, all goes to a wish. *(Haughtily.)* Now, Count de Moor, what have you to say to me?

*Fran. (evasively.)* To you? nothing.— I had something to say to Herman.

*Her.* A truce with shuffling: why was I sent for hither? was it to be a second time your fool---to hold the ladder to a thief to mount? What else did you want of me!

*Fran.* Ha! by the way, we must not forget the main point: I wanted to talk with you about the dowry.

*Her.* Moor, take care of yourself; beware how you kindle my fury. Moor, we are here alone; my name is at stake against yours:---- trust not the devil, though you have raised him yourself.

*Fran.*



*Fran.* Is it thus, Sir, you speak to your master: Tremble, slave.

*Her.* For fear of losing your favour, Moor? I abhor you for a villain: don't make me laugh at you for a fool, too. I can open tombs, and raise the dead to life: which of us two is now the slave?

*Fran.* Come, my good friend, be politic; shew yourself a man of sense: don't be false to your word.

*Her.* To detest a wretch like you, is the best policy; to keep faith with you, would be an utter want of sense.

*Fran.* Oh, by the by, what a fool I was to forget! Did not you lose a purse lately in this room? Here, my good friend, take what's your own.

[Offers it.]

*Her.* (*Throwing it from him.*) Curse on your bribe---the earnest of damnation!

*Fran.* Herman, Herman! don't make me think you a traitor.

*Her.* Ay, say you so? Then know, Count Moor, I will enhance your shame,----double your mass of infamy. I will prepare a banquet

quet for you, where the whole world shall be the guests. You understand me now?

*Fran.* Beast that I was, to stake my fortune on a fool's caprice? 'Twas brutish.

*Her.* Oh, no! 'Twas shrewd, 'twas cunning.

*Fran.* Most true, and ever will be true!--- There is no thread, so feebly spun, as that which weaves the bands of guilt.

*Her.* You see, Sir Count, you have not got your lesson quite perfect! By heavens, you must first know how far the losing gamester will venture.

*Fran.* Here's treason deliberate!

[Goes to take a pistol from the wall.]

*Her.* (*Drawing a pistol from his pocket, and taking aim*) Don't give yourself so much trouble: One's prepared for all events with you.

*Fran.* (*Throwing himself in a chair, in confusion.*) Keep my secret! At least till I collect my thoughts.

*Her.* Yes! till you have hir'd a dozen of assassins to seal my mouth for ever! But hearkee, the secret is contain'd in a certain paper, which my heirs will open.

[Exit.]

*Fran. (Alone.)* What was that? Francis, where was your courage, your presence of mind? Betray'd by my own instruments, the props of my good luck begin to totter, the wound is broken, and all will speedily give way to the enemy. Now, for a quick resolve: but how?—but what? If I durst but do it:—to come behind him, and stab him:—Durst: a wounded man's a child. — I'll do it. *(Walks about, then starts suddenly.)* Who's that behind me? oh, nobody: I think, I have courage. Courage! Yes: but, if my shadow should discover me, while I strike, or a glass, or the whizzing of my arm? To kill a man with my own hand? No: let me cherish this vestige of humanity: I will not murder: his own interest is too deeply engag'd, for him to discover the mystery. Nature, thou hast conquer'd: Yes, he shall live.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

*The Banks of the Danube.*

---

MOOR and the other Robbers.

MOOR.

I MUST rest here. (*He throws himself on the ground.*) My joints are shook afunder, my tongue cleaves to my mouth. I would beg of some of you to fetch me a little water from yonder brook; but you are all weary to death.

[*While he speaks, Switzer goes out unperceived.*]

*Raz.* Our wine cantines are empty long ago. How glorious, how majestic, yonder setting sun!

*Moor.* 'Tis thus the hero falls: 'tis thus he dies, in godlike majesty.

*Raz.* The sight affects you, Sir.

*Moor.* When I was yet a boy, a mere child, it was my favourite thought, my wish, to live like him, like him to die. (*Suppressing his emotion*) 'Twas an idle thought, a boy's conceit.

*Raz.* It was so.

*Moor.*

*Moor.* There was a time---there was a time when I could not go to sleep, if I had forgot my prayers.

*Raz.* Come, come, be not a child, I beg of you.

*Moor.* A child?—Oh, that I were a child once more!

*Raz.* Fie, fie! clear up that cloudy brow. Look yonder what a landscape, what a lovely evening.

*Moor.* Ay, my friend:—that scene, so noble---this world, so beautiful—

*Raz.* Why, that's talking like a man.

*Moor.* This earth, so grand—

*Raz.* Well said! that's what I like.

*Moor.* And I so hideous in this world of beauty---and I a monster on this magnificent earth!—See how all nature expands at the sweet breath of spring. O God!--that this paradise, this heaven, should be a hell to me! ---when all is happiness, all in the sweet spirit of peace; the world one family, and its father there above, who is not my father; I alone the outcast of all the children of his mercy ---I alone rejected! (*apart*)---the companion of murderers, bound down, enchained to guilt and horror!



*Raz.* 'Tis inconceivable! I never saw him thus moved before.

*Moor.* Oh, that I were a beggar,----the meanest hind---a peasant of the field! I would toil till the sweat of blood dropt from my brow, to purchase the luxury of one sound sleep---the rapture of a single tear. There was a time, when I could weep with ease: ---Oh, days of bliss!---scenes of my infant years! Will you no more return---no more exhale your sweets to cool this burning bosom? Alas, they are gone---gone for ever!

*Enter SWITZER with water.*

*Switz.* Captain, here; drink water, fresh and cool as ice.

*Moor.* (*after drinking*) The water was very good, Switzer. It was a hot day's work, and only one friend lost. Poor Roller! he had a glorious death: if he had died in any cause but ours, he'd had a marble monument. Do you remember how many of our enemies were left dead upon the field?

*Swit.* Sixty hussars, ninety-three dragoons, and above forty-eight light horse: In all, two hundred.

*Moor.*

*Moor.* Two hundred, for one man?——  
Every one of you has his claims upon this head. Here, I lift this poniard; so may my foul find life or death eternal, as I keep faith with you!

*Swit.* Don't swear!--You don't know, if good fortune should once more smile upon you, but repentance——

*Moor.* No: By the ghost of Roller, I never will forsake you! But it grows late. Razman, you and I, together with Schusterle, will visit the skirts of the neighbouring forest, where I intend we shall pass the night: the rest may repair to it immediately. I will see, that all is safe: Should we meet with any thing, you know my whistle. I shall be with you, as soon as the moon rises.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

---

SCENE I.

*A Forest, seen by Moonlight: On the left,  
a ruined Tower: In the Front, a large Stone.  
The Robbers sleeping under the Trees.*

---

SPIEGELBERG & GRIMM *come forward.*

GRIMM.

THE night is far advanced: Razman and Schusterle are come back; but the captain will visit every part of the forest, and is not yet return'd.

*Spieg.* Hearkee, Grimm! I have a word for you in confidence. Captain, did you say?— who made him our captain?— or rather, has he not usurp'd that title, which by right was mine?

mine? What, is it for this, we have set our lives on the cast of a die? What, to be dastard bondsmen of a slave! By heavens, I never could brook it.

*Grim.* Nor I, by Jupiter! But where's the remedy?

*Spieg.* The remedy! Are you one of those slaves, and ask that question too? Grimm, if you are the man, I always took you for—look'ee, they are all asleep: If he returns not by to-morrow, they will think some accident has befallen him, and give him up for lost: Methinks, I hear his knell. Does not your heart bound at the thought?

*Grim.* Oh, Spiegelberg, do not tempt me!

*Spieg.* What, do you take me? Come, then, follow quick: we soon can find him: a brace of pistols seldom fail. Come along.

*Switz.* (*Starts up, and stops him.*) Ha, villain! I have not forgot the forests of Bohemia, when you scream'd, like a pitiful scoundrel, that the enemy was upon us. Have at your heart, murderer!

[*They fight.*

*The Robbers, (waking,)* Murder! Switzer, Spiegelberg! Separate them.

*Switz.* (*Killing him, Spiegelberg groans, and expires.*) Be quiet, my lads! don't let this coward's fate alarm you. This envious rascal has always had a spite against our captain, and the scoundrel has not a flea-bite upon his dainty skin: The rogue would stab a man behind his back; would sculk and murder ——

*Raz.* Our captain will be horribly enrag'd.

*Swit.* That's my concern alone: Here he comes himself.

*Enter Moor.*

*Swit.* Welcome captain! I have been a little cholerick in your absence: Be you the judge between this man and me. He wanted to murder you, to shoot you in the dark.

*Moor.* Avenging power, thy hand is here! Was it not he whose syren song first seduc'd us? Here consecrate this sword to the avenging God, whose ways are incomprehensible. Switzer, 'twas not thy hand that did this deed?

*Swit.* 'Zounds! But it was my hand: and may I be cursed, if I think it the worst action of my life!

[*Throws down his sword, and exit.*

*Moor.*



*Moor.* (*Thoughtfully.*) I see it plain. Father of Heaven, I know it! The dry leaves fall around: the autumn of my days is come. Take him out of my sight.

[*They carry out the body.*]

*Raz.* Give our orders, captain! What's to be done now?

*Moor.* Soon, very soon, all will be accomplished: of late I've lost myself. Bid your trumpets speak: I want that music. I must be suckled like a child, and rear'd again to deeds of horror.

*Raz.* Captain, this is the hour of midnight! Sleep hangs heavy on our eye-lids: we have not shut an eye these three nights.

*Moor.* And, can soft sleep rest on the murderer's lids? why flies he, then, from me? But I have been of late a dastard, a mere changling. I must have music, to rouse my spirit from its lethargy.

[*They play a warlike piece of music, during which, Moor walks about very pensive; then holds up his hand, for them to stop.*]

Good night! I'll talk to you to-morrow:  
Good night!

[*The Robbers lay themselves among the trees at a distance, and fall asleep. Moor sits down on a stone : a long pause.*]

A long, a long good night, on which no morrow e'er shall dawn. Think you that I will tremble? Shadows of the dead, the murder'd rise! no joint of me shall quake. Your dying agonies, your black and strangled visages, your gaping wounds; these are but links of that eternal chain of destiny, which bound me from my birth,---unconscious bound me; which hung, perhaps, upon the humours of my nurse, my father's temperament, or my mother's blood. (*Holding a pistol to his head.*) This little tube unites extremity to time: this awful key will shut the prison door of life, and open up the regions of futurity. Tell me! oh tell, to what unknown, what stranger coasts, thou shalt conduct me? The soul recoils within itself, and shrinks with terror from that dreadful thought; while fancy, cunning in her malice, fills the scene with horrid phantoms. Oh, that it were possible to stop the current of that after life, as easy as it is to break the thread of this! Thou may'st reduce me into nothing, but this liberty thou canst not take from me. (*He cocks the pistol, then suddenly stops.*)

*stops.*) And, shall I then rush on to death, through slavish dread of living here, in torment? No! I will bear it all. (*Puts up the pistol.*) My pride shall conquer. Sufferance! Let my destiny be accomplish'd.

[*A short pause, a bell at distance strikes twelve.*]

*Enter HERMAN, with a basket.*

*Her.* Hush, hush! how the owlet cries: The village clock strikes twelve: all fast asleep, except remorse and vengeance. (*Goes up to the tower, and knocks.*) Come up, thou man of sorrow, tenant of the tower; thy meal is ready.

*Moor.* (*Low*) What can that mean?

*A Voice from the Tower.* Who knocks there? Herman, my raven?

*Her.* Yes, 'tis thy raven Herman. (*Puts bread through a small grate.*) Thy comrades of the night make fearful music. Old man, dost thou relish thy meal?

*Voice.* Yes; hunger is keen. O thou, who feedest the ravens, accept my thanks for this thy bread in the wilderness!—How fares it with my good friend Herman?

*Her.* Hush!—What noise was that?—Do you hear nothing?

*Voice.* No; do you hear any thing?

*Her.* 'Tis the wind whistling through the rents of the tower.——Hark! 'tis there again. I hear a murmuring noise, like those who groan in sleep.

*Voice.* Do you see any thing?

*Her.* (*perceiving Moor, who rises.*) Farewell; your deliverer is at hand.

*Moor.* (*holding him.*) Stop! What art thou? What hast thou to do here? Speak?

*Her.* (*apart.*) 'Tis one of his spies, that's certain. I've lost all fear. (*Draws his sword.*) Defend yourself: You have a man before you.

*Moor.* I'll have an answer. (*Strikes the sword out his hand*) What boots this childish sword play? Didst thou not speak of vengeance? Vengeance belongs exclusively to me of all the men on earth! Who dares infringe my right?

*Voice.* Alas, Herman! who is with you?

*Moor.* What, still those sounds! Some horrible mystery, for certain, is concealed in that tower: this sword shall bring it to light.

*Her.* Terrible stranger, art thou the wandering spirit of this desert? or, perhaps, one  
of

of the ministers of that unfathomable retribution, who make their circuit in this lower world? Oh, if thou art, be welcome to this tower of horrors.

*Moor.* Is this some miserable wretch, cast out of men, and buried in this dungeon--- I will loose his chains. Where is the door?

*Her.* As soon could Satan force the gates of heaven, as thou that door. Retire: the genius of the wicked foils the common intellect of man-----

*Moor.* But not the craft of robbers. (*he takes out some pass keys.*) For once, I thank my God, I have learned that craft: these keys would mock hell's foresight.

[*He takes one, and opens the door, and immediately starts back, saying*

Horrible spectre!-----My father!

*Enter from the Tower, the OLD COUNT DE MOOR  
emaciated, and wrapped in a winding-sheet.*

*Old Moor.* I thank thee, O my God! The hour of my deliverance is come.

*Moor.* Shade of the aged Moor, who has disturbed thy ashes in the grave! Has thy  
foul



foul left this earth, charged with some foul crime that bars the gates of paradise against thee ?

*Old Moor.* I am no spirit, but alive as thou art. O life, indeed, of misery !

*Moor.* What, wast thou not in the grave ?

*Old Moor.* I was, indeed, buried : Three complete moons have I languished in this dark dungeon, where not a ray of light can penetrate-----where no sweet air or healthful breath can enter-----where the hoarse ravens croak, and the owls shriek.

*Moor.* Heaven and earth ! Who has done that ?

*Her.* A son.

*Moor.* Serpent-tongued liar ! speak that again ? repeat that again, and I plunge my dagger in thy impious throat.—A son ?

*Her.* And were all hell let loose, I still must say his son.

*Moor.* Oh, everlasting chaos !

*Old Moor.* If thou art a man, and hast a human heart ; oh, my unknown deliverer, hear the misery of a father, punish'd in his own children.—I lay upon a sick bed : Scarce had I began to gain a little strength, when they brought

brought me a man who gave me the dreadful intelligence, that my eldest son had fallen in battle, and, with his latest breath, had told that my inhuman malediction had driven him to despair and death.

*Her.* That villain was myself, seduc'd by him — corrupted by that son, that Francis, to blast the miserable remnant of your days.

*Old Moor.* And was it thou — oh, heavens! was it a concerted plan? Was I then deceived?

*Moor.* (*Aside.*) Dost thou hear that, Moor! the light begins to dawn a day of horrors.

*Her.* I was his vile accomplice: I suppressed your Charles's letters, chang'd those from you, and substituted others, conceived in terms of barbarous resentment: — thus cruelly was he cut off from your inheritance, banish'd from your heart.

*Moor.* (*Aside.*) And hence become a robber and a murderer: Oh fool, fool, fool, the victim of infernal treachery; and that poor father in a dungeon! What cause have I for rage or for complaint? Go on, Sir.

*Old Moor.* I fainted at the news: they must have thought me dead; for, when I came to myself, I was upon a bier, and shrouded as  
a corpse.

a corpse. I beat upon the lid of the coffin : it was open'd ; 'twas in the dead of night. My son Francis stood before me : "What, (said he) must you then live for ever?" and with these words, he shut the lid of the coffin. The thunder of that voice bereav'd me of my senses : when I again recover'd them, I found the bier in motion. After some time it stopp'd. At the entry of this dungeon, I found my son Francis ; I fell at his feet, embrac'd his knees, and wept ; conjur'd him, supplicated ; the tears, the supplications of his father, never reach'd his iron heart : "Throw down that carcase," said he, with a voice like thunder : "he has liv'd too long." They thrust me into the tower ; and Francis lock'd the iron door upon me.

*Moor.* Impossible, impossible ! Your memory or your senses play you false.

*Old Moor.* Oh, would it were so ! Thus I lay for twenty hours, and none knew my sufferings. No foot of man e'er treads this solitary waste : for 'tis the common report, that the ghosts of my forefathers haunt this dreadful tower, drag their chains among the ruins, and chaunt at the hour of midnight the song of death. At last, the door was opened, and this man brought me  
some

some bread and water. He told me that I was condemn'd to be starved to death, and that he forfeited his own life, if it were known that he brought me the smallest particle of food : It was by his means I have preserved a miserable being so long ;—but my sufferings are just, most merited.

*Moor.* It is enough ! Rise there, you senseless logs, you heart of stone ! what will none of you awake ?

\* [ *He fires a pistol, they all start up.* ]

SWITZER, *Entering.*

Hollo ! What's the matter ?

*Moor.* Could you sleep out that tale, a tale that might have roused, even sleep eternal ? Discord is set at large, and ravages wild as hell : the bands of nature are dissolved, a son has slain his father : Slain did I say ? that word is tame ; a son has rack'd his father, kill'd him in torment ; the cannibal himself would shudder at it. (*Old Moor faints in Herman's arms*) See, see there, he faints ; a son confined his father in a tower ; look there, look ; that is my father.

[ *The robbers surrounding him.* ]

*All,*

*All.* Your father !

[*Herman lays him on the ground, with his head upon the stone.*]

*Switz.* (*Kneeling to him*) Father of my captain, I draw this dagger, and I here devote it to thy service.

*Moor.* Revenge, revenge this violated, profaned, this hoary head ! *Hear ?* I tear for ever the fraternal bond. Here, in the face of Heaven, I curse him, curse every drop of blood within him. (*Kneels.*) Hear me, oh moon and stars ! and thou black canopy of night, that witnesseth this horror, hear my cries ! Hear me, oh God, thrice terrible avenger ! thou, who reignest above yon pallid orb, behold me upon my knees ; behold me raise this hand aloft, and hear my oath ! May nature curse me, expel me, like some horrible abortion, from out the circle of her works ; if here, upon this stone, I do not shed that parricide's blood ; till the foul vapour from the fountain of his heart, rise into air, and dim the blessed sun !

*Switz.* Let them now call us villains, now ! by all the dragons of darkness, we never did any thing half so horrible !

*Moor.*



*Moor.* No murderous plan shall be divined, no scheme of rapine be resolved or meditated, till every man among us glut his steel and dye his garments purple in that monster's blood. This day the invisible arm of a superior power gives dignity to our vocation : adore his majesty, who honours you this day as his angels to execute his stern decrees : Be all uncovered, fall on your knees, and humbly kiss the dust ; then rise all hallowed men !

*[They fall on their knees, and make a solemn protestation to the earth.]*

*Switz.* Now give your orders, captain :--- say what we shall do ?

*Moor.* Rise, Switzer, and touch these sacred locks. You remember when you cleft the head of that Bohemian trooper, who had raised his sabre to kill me when I was fainting with fatigue, and my knees were sinking under me ? 'Twas then I promised you a high reward, a kingly recompense ; but to this hour I never have been able to discharge that debt.

*Switz.* And may you never be ! it is my pride to call you still my debtor.

*Moor.* No ; this day I will discharge it--- Switzer, thou art honoured this day above all mortals. Be thou the avenger of my father.

*Switz.* Most honoured captain, this day thou hast made me for the first time truly proud. Give orders now, and when and where thy friend shall strike.

*[Old Moor recovers. Charles de Moor makes a sign to Herman to lead him out.]*

*Moor.* The precious minutes are already numbered, thou must be speedy. Choose out the worthiest of the band, and lead them straight to yonder castle, and seize him; were he asleep, drag him from out of his bed; lay hold of him at table, while, like the swine, he gorges; tear him from the altar, though on his knees before the crucifix. But hear what I most solemnly command---bring him to me alive: bring him entire, and millions shall be your reward. Thou hast my purpose, haste thee to accomplish it.

*Switz.* It is enough: here, take my hand upon it. Come, Switzer's ministers of vengeance.

*Moor.* Let the rest disperse themselves in the forest; I remain here.

*[Exit Switzer, with Robbers to the right. Moor retires through the trees into the forest.]*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

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ACT V.

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SCENE I.

*An Apartment in Moor's Castle.*

---

FRANCIS DE MOOR, *in a night gown, rushes in ;*  
*followed by DANIEL.*

FRANCIS.

BETRAYED, betrayed ! the spirits of the dead  
rise from their graves. Who's that ?

*Dan.* What, my dear Lord, is it possible  
it could be you who shrieked so horribly as  
to awaken us all out of our sleep ?

*Fran.* How goes the night ?

*Dan.* The watch has just cried two.

*Fran.* No more !---will this eternal night  
last for ever ?---Heard you no noise without ?  
Ha ! horses galloping.——Where is Char....  
where is the Count ?

G

*Dan.*

*Dan.* I cannot tell, Sir.

*Fran.* You cannot tell! You are of the plot.

*Dan.* Alas, my Lord, you are not well! You are quite pale---your voice falters.

*Fran.* I am feverish: I shall let blood to-morrow.

*Dan.* Indeed, Sir, you are ill; very ill.

*Fran.* Yes, that is all: It is so; and illness affects the brain, and gives wild dreams. I had a pleasant dream just now.

*[He sinks down in a swoon.]*

*Dan.* Good God! what's here?----George, Conrad, where are you all?——Oh, Lord! they'll say I murdered him.

*Fran.* Begone! Who shakes me there?----Horrible spectre, are the dead alive?

*Dan.* Merciful God!——he has lost his reason.

*[Francis recovering gradually.]*

*Fran.* Where am I? Is it you, Daniel? What did I say?---Don't mind it; 'twas all a lie, whatever it was:——it was, I think, a fit of giddiness, from want of sleep.

*Dan.* I'll call assistance, Sir; send for physicians.

*Fran.* Stop ; you are a man of sense, Daniel ; I'll tell you how I——

*Dan.* No, never ; another time : you have great need of rest.

*Fran.* Nay, Daniel, I must tell you : 'tis so odd, you'll laugh, I promise you : You must know, I thought I had been feasting like a prince, and I laid me down quite happy on one of the grassy banks of the garden ; there I fell asleep ; and all of a sudden—but you'll laugh when I tell you——

*Dan.* All of a sudden ! What ?

*Fran.* All of a sudden, I was waked by a clap of thunder ; I got upon my feet ; and staggering looked around me——When, lo ! the whole horizon seemed to be one great sheet of fire ; the mountains, towns, and forests, seemed to melt like wax in a furnace ; and then a dreadful tempest arose, which drove before it the earth, the heavens, and ocean.

*Dan.* Good God ! its the description of the day of judgment.

*Fran.* Did you ever hear such ridiculous stuff ? Then I saw a person come forward, who held in his right hand a brazen balance, which stretch'd from east to west ; He cried with a loud



voice, "Approach, ye children of the dust !  
I weigh the thoughts of the heart."

*Dan.* God have mercy on me !

*Fran.* All seemed struck with terror, and every countenance was pale as ashes: 'Twas then I thought, I heard my name in a dreadful voice, that froze the marrow in my bones, and made my teeth chatter as if they had been of iron !

*Dan.* Oh ! may God forgive you !

*Fran.* He did not forgive me; an old man appeared emaciated, bent to the ground with sorrow : a horrible sight ; for, he had gnawed away one half of his arm, from hunger : none could bear to look upon him. I knew him : He cut off one of his grey locks, and threw it from him : then I heard a voice, from the smoke of the mountain, "Mercy and forgiveness, to all the sinners of the earth ; thou only art rejected."  
———(*After a long pause.*) Why don't you laugh ?

*Dan.* Laugh at what makes my flesh creep ? dreams come from God.

*Fran.* Fie, fie ! you must not say so ; Call me a fool, a child, an idiot ; any thing ; but prithee laugh at me.

*Dan.*

*Dan.* Dreams come from God, I will go pray for you.

[*Exit.*]

*Fran.* No; 'tis popular superstition! All chimeras. If the past is past, who has decided that an eye above shall e'er look back upon it? No no; yet there is something here, that tells in dreadful whispers to my soul, that there is a judge above the stars! Should I this night appear before him: no! 'tis all a jest. But, if it should be so; if that were true, and all were registered above; and this the night of reckoning —— Why this shuddering? —— to die! that word congeals my blood. —— to give account! ay; and when that reckoning comes, to face the judge --- Should he do justice?

*DANIEL enters.*

*Dan.* Amelia went off last night to the neighbouring convent, and there is now a troop of horsemen, riding up to the castle, at the full gallop, and crying murder, murder! the village is in alarm.

*Fran.* Go ring the bells, and summon all to church: to prayers I say, I will have prayers

said for me: I'll set the prisoners free; go call my confessor, to give me absolution of my sins! What, not yet gone?

*Dan.* Are you serious, Sir? and do you really wish, I should obey these orders? You, who have always made a jest of prayers, and who so often ———

*Fran.* No more! to die is dreadful; it will be too late. (*A great noise is heard*) To prayers, to prayers!

*Dan.* 'Tis what I always told you, but you mocked at prayer; and now, behold, Sir, when you are in trouble, when the flood o'erwhelms your soul——

*Switz.* (*Voice from the outward court.*) Break down the gates, yonder is a light! they must be there.

*Fran.* (*On his knees.*) Hear my prayer, oh God of Heaven! it is the first: Hear me, oh God of Heaven!

*Switz.* (*Still in the court.*) Strike them down, my lads! Where's Blackman, with his troop? surround the castle. Grimm, run, storm the ramparts!

*Raz.* (*from behind.*) Bring the firebrands; Watch where he comes down: We'll smoke him out.

*Fran.* My God ! I've been no common murderer :---no petty crimes committed——

*Dan.* God have compassion on him ! even his prayers are sins.

*[A loud crash is heard, and loud cries, the fire is seen through the windows.]*

*Fran.* I cannot pray : here, here, (*beating his breast*) all is choaked up ! No, I will pray no more.

*Dan.* (*Looking through the window*) Mercy upon us, the whole castle is on fire !

*Fran.* Here, take my sword ; stab me behind ; thrust it into my bowels : that these villains may not come to make their sport of me.

*Dan.* God forbid ! I will fend none to heaven before his time ; much more to——

*[He runs off.]*

*Fran.* To hell, he would have said. Yes, I feel he is right.—Hark, they are coming up, they are at the door !——Why should I shudder at this sword's point ? there is still one way left to escape.

*[He attempts to open the windows ; the Robbers rush in, seize him, and carry him off.]*

SCENE II.

*The Tower and Forest,—as in Act iv.*

---

*The OLD COUNT seated on a stone, and CHARLES  
in conversation with him.*

MOOR.

AND was he dear to you—that other son?

*Old Moor.* Heaven knows how dear he was to me! But the spirit of a fiend possessed the younger of my sons: I trusted to the serpent's wiles, and lost both my children! How deeply now I feel the truth of those sad words Amelia uttered---“In vain, when on your death-bed you shall stretch your feeble hands to grasp your Charles, he never will approach your bed, never more comfort you.”

*[Moor, turning away his head, gives him his hand.]*

Oh, were this my Charles's hand! but he is gone---he cannot hear my complaint. I must die among strangers: no son have I to close my eyes!



*Moor.* It must be so---it must, this moment!-----and yet can I bring him back his son? I never can bring back that son.

*Old Moor.* What dost thou say?

*Moor.* Thy son---yes, old man, (*hesitating*) thy son is lost for ever.

*Old Moor.* Then why did you take me from yon hideous dungeon?

*Moor.* (*Aside*) Yet, if I could get his blessing, steal it from him like a thief, and so escape with that celestial treasure?

[*Throwing himself at his feet.*]

I broke the iron bolts of thy dungeon, blessed old man! I ask thy kiss for that.

*Old Moor.* (*Pressing him to his bosom*) Take this, and think it is a father's kiss; and I will dream I hold my Charles to my breast.-----  
What, can you weep?

*Moor.* I thought it was a father's kiss.

[*Throws himself on his neck: a confused noise is heard.*]

Hark, tis vengeance comes! (*Looking at Old Moor*) Thou suffering lamb, enflame me with the tiger's fury! the sacrifice must now be offered up; and such a victim, that the stars shall hide their heads in darkness, and universal nature be appalled.

[*The noise increases.*]

*Old Moor.* Alas ! what noise is that ? Are these my son's confederates, come to drag me from the dungeon to the scaffold ?

*Moor.* (*Going away from him*) Oh, Judge of heaven and earth, hear a murderer's prayer ! Give him ten thousand lives ; every life return anew, and every daggers's stroke refresh him for eternal agonies !

*Old Moor.* What is it you mutter there ?--- 'tis horrible !

*Moor.* I say my prayers.

*Old Moor.* Oh, think of Francis in your prayers.

*Moor.* He is not forgotten.

*Old Moor.* That's not the voice of one who prays.—Oh, cease ! such prayers are dreadful.

*Enter SWITZER, HERMAN, and all the Robbers :*

*FRANCIS chained in the midst of them.*

*Switz.* Here he is : I have fulfilled my word.

*Raz.* We tore him out of the flames of his castle ; his vassals all took to flight.

*Moor.* Heard you nothing of Amelia ?

*Switz.* I tried in vain to find her: An old servant told me she was fled to a convent, to take the veil.

*Moor.* May she be happy !

*Raz.* The castle is in ashes, and even the memory of his name annihilated.

[*A pause.*

*Moor.* (*With a stern voice to Francis*) Dost thou know me ?

[*Francis, without answering, fixes his eyes on the ground, while Charles leads him to Old Moor.*

*Moor.* Dost thou know that man ?

*Fran.* (*Starting back*) Thunder of heaven, it is my father !

*Old Moor.* (*Turning away*) Go, may God forgive you ! I have forgotten——

*Moor.* And may my curse accompany that prayer, and clog it with a millstone's weight ; that it may never reach the mercy-seat of God !  
——Do you know that dungeon.

*Fran.* (*To Herman*) Monster, has your inveterate enmity to our blood, pursued my poor father even to this dungeon ?

*Her.* Where a lie is wanted, the devil will never desert his own.

*Moor.* Enough. Lead this old man a little on into the forest;---I need no father's tears to prompt to what remains.

*[Herman leads off the Old Count.]*

*Fran.* *(To Herman, as he goes out.)* Wretch, that I could spit my poisonous foam in torrents on thy face!

*[Gnaws his chains.]*

*Moor.* *(With dignity.)* I stand commissioned here as minister of heaven's almighty king, the judge of right and wrong; and, from your mouths I shall announce a doom, which the most pure and upright court on earth would sanction and approve. The guilty are assembled here as judges, and I---of all most guilty---am their chief. He, who, on scrutiny of his own conscience, and strict review of all his past offences, does not appear pure as the innocent child, and spotless, when compared to this enormous and horrible wretch, let him withdraw from this assembly.

*[A pause; The Robbers remain unmov'd, resting on their arms.]*

*Moor*

MOOR.

Now, Moor, be proud indeed ! for thou hast this day changed the scarlet finners to the spotless angels. His mother was mine too !

*[To Switzer and Razinan.]*

——Be you the judges.

*[He retires to one side.]*

*Switz.* Why stand we here like schoolboys wildered and amazed. While life is lavish in variety of pleasures, is death so niggardly in choice of tortures ? Speak thou ; for I have lost all faculty of invention.

*Raz.* Think on his gray hairs ; cast your eyes on that dungeon ; let these suggest.

*Switz.* Accustomed as I am to scenes of horror, I am poor in such invention. Was not this dungeon the chief scene of his atrocious crimes ? Sit we not now in judgment before this dungeon ?——Down with him into the vault : there let him rot alive.

*Robbers.* Down with him, down with him.

*[They lay hold of him.]*

*Fran.* *(Running to Charles.)* Save me from the claws of these murderers, save me brother !



*Moor.* Thou hast made me chief of these murderers; wilt thou entreat me now?

*Robbers. (Tumultuously)* Down with him, down with him.

*Moor.* Then is my part superfluous. Son of my father, thou hast robbed me of heaven's bliss, of Amelia, of every thing that was most dear to me: be that sin blotted out---I do forgive thee, brother.

*[He embraces him, and goes out. The robbers drag Francis to the tower; thrust him in by force, and lock the door upon him.]*

*Moor. (Returning)* It is accomplished! Oh God, who rulest all, accept my thanks: It is accomplished! If this dungeon should be the limit of my course, to which thou hadst led me, through paths of blood and horror: if, for that end, thou hadst decreed I should become the chief of these foul murderers: Eternal providence, I bend to thy will with awe and reverence: I tremble, and adore!——Lead in my father.

*[Some of the band go out, and return with the old man.]*

*Old Moor.* Oh, whither do you lead me? where is my son?

*Moor.* The planet, and the grain of sand, hath each its place allotted in this scene of things: thy son has likewise his.

*Old Moor.* Oh, I have no children! you have saved a dying wretch, and dragged him back to life, only to tell him that his children are no more. Shew mercy yet, and bury me again in that dark tower.

*Moor.* Do not blaspheme, old man! Blaspheme not him, before whose righteous throne I have this day prayed with confidence. Fearful and wonderful are his ways: but in the end are tears of joy.

*Old Moor.* Where shall those tears be shed?

*Moor.* Upon thy Charles's heart.

[*Throws himself into his arms.*]

*Old Moor.* My Charles alive!

*Moor.* Yes, he is alive: Sent here to save, to avenge his father. Thus, by thy favourite son, thy kindness recompensed: (*pointing to the tower.*) thus by the prodigal revenged.

[*Pressing him to his heart.*]

*Old Moor.* Are these men thy friends? I dread to look at them.

*Moor.* Ask any thing, but that — that has no answer.

*Old Moor.* Yet say, who are they?

*Moor.* I cannot tell him. (*To the band*) Let us be gone.

*Old Moor.* You would not leave me! Where would you go? My son, my only son.——

*Moor.* Yet, he must know it. It is too late---in vain. Thy curse, my father:---ask me no more, I have thy curse. Wretched father, by me twice slain; these, thy deliverers are robbers: robbers and assassins; thy son, their captain.

*Old Moor.* Oh, God, my children! Oh!

[*He dies. A long silence: Moor kneels, and kisses his father's hand, then puts it to his heart.*]

*Moor.* He's dead. Now indeed, all is accomplished: My genius tells me, here must be thy bourn: Thus far could nature go: no farther: "Here, take this bloody plume."

[*Throws it down.*]

He that will be your captain, now may take it up.

*Switz.* What, do you renounce us? Where are your mighty plans, air bubbles all---burst with an old man's breath?

*Moor.* What Moor has done, who dares to question? Hear my last command:----Come

hither; Stand around, and hearken to your dying captain's words: You have been devoted to me; faithful beyond example. Had virtue been the bond of your attachment, you had been heroes; your memories had been revered, your names pronounc'd with rapture by mankind. Go, and devote what yet remains of life, to mankind's service, to your country's cause: Go, serve a gracious king, who wages war, to vindicate the rights of man. This be my benediction! Hence, farewell. Stop, Switzer and Razman.

*[The Band go out; leaving Razman and Switzer.]*

*Moor.* Give me thy hand, Razman: thine too, Switzer.

*[Taking their hands, and placing himself between them.]*

Young man: (*To Razman.*) Thou art yet unspotted: amongst the guilty only guiltless. (*To Switzer.*) These hands I have deep imbrued in blood: that be my offence, not thine: here, with this grasp, I take what is my own: Now, Switzer, thou art pure.

*[Raising their hands up to heaven.]*

H

Father

Father of heaven, here I give them up ! they will be now more fervently thine own, than those who never fell.

*[Switzer and Razman fall on each other's neck.]*

Oh, spare me, my friends, in this decisive hour ! An earldom is mine by heritage ; a rich domain, on which no malediction rests : Share it between you : become good men, good citizens ; and if, for ten whom I have destroyed, you make but one man blest, perhaps my soul——may yet be saved ! Go, quick, while yet my fortitude remains.

*[Switzer and Razman go out, hiding their faces.]*

MOOR *alone.*

Good citizen !——and am not I too worthy of that name ?——What law so terrible, as that which I have obeyed----what vengeance or atonement of offence that's like to mine ?——Be my fate fulfilled ! - - - - - Hard by,  
I have



I have observed a wretch, who labours by the day, an officer ; he has eleven children : To him, who shall deliver up the robber Moor, a high reward is now proclaimed :——He and his babes shall have it.

[ *Exit.*

THE END.



## EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY

THE MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH.

---

FIVE hundred years ago, thus robbers were  
Nobler than any modern robbers are :  
Well, tho' I smile, I swear I'm not in jest ;  
I come to ask you all which you like best ?  
A just comparifon 'twixt both I'll draw,  
Ask your decision, and make that a law.—  
Five hundred years ago, a desperate band  
Of men of desp'rate fortunes, hand in hand,  
With one accord, would willingly obey  
One noble Captain; who took boundless sway,  
From

From birth, from talents, and those matchless arts,  
 That stamp *one* man the ruler of men's hearts.  
 Led by this Chief, they boldly own'd their aims ;  
 By turns defending Vice and Virtue's claims :  
 The rich they plunder'd, gave the needy bread,  
 And oft' sent tyrants sleepless to their bed :  
 For tyrants liv'd five hundred years ago ;  
 But now, O fie ! there's no such thing—Oh, no !  
 In these collected and *collecting* times,  
 Can Robbers boast of courage in their crimes ?  
 Pens for their daggers, paper for their shield :  
 Such are the fashionable arms they wield.  
 Some men, like FRANCIS, leave mankind alone,  
 To rob themselves, are by themselves undone.  
 Pluck, by rude acts, from honest virtuous minds,  
 Their own fair fame, and give it to the winds.  
 Folks rich in fame are basely robb'd by those,  
 Who, 'stead of bludgeon, use *newspaper prose* ;  
 With which they oft despoil a spotless name,  
 Then, whisp'ring, ask your *money* or your *Fame* :  
 Robbers there are, that steal all common sense  
 From Englishmen ; and those are hired for pence,  
 A num'rous skulking band, call'd Pamphleteers,  
 They thundered out Invasion in our ears ;

Now call out fire and murder every day,  
 Yet say we're safe, if we will *fight or pay*.  
 A host of pretty footpads day and night  
 Affail the world, are never out of sight,  
 Displaying vacancy in all their features,  
 They *lisp*, they *amble*, and *nickname* God's creatures;  
 These are your modern Beaux and Belles, whose crime  
 Is robbing us of Heaven's best gift, *our time*:  
 A treasure which, employ'd with wisdom's art,  
 Would fill with sweet delight the human heart,  
 And teach mankind on earth a Godlike part. }  
 Urg'd by this thought, ye fair, will ye excuse,  
 If from yourselves a band select I chuse  
 Of irresistible Thieves? Each in your turn  
 Can fire from your eyes, destroy, and burn;  
 Your looks, your very smiles, oft' rob the breast  
 Of comfort, joy, of liberty and rest.  
 Oh, chuse me Captain of this dangerous crew!  
 For, like yourselves, I must plead guilty too;  
 A prouder *thief* than me was never born,  
 For whatsoe'er I steal I ne'er return.  
 Under my banners, you will learn with ease  
 To pilfer hearts, just when and where you please:

My



My art shall be confin'd alone to you,  
 The art, when hearts are gain'd, to keep them true;  
 Justice herself will take the guilty's part,  
 Who seize, instead of handkerchief, a heart;  
 My Robbers there,\* if they have your applause,  
 Will join support and make our own their cause:  
 With these, and these, † I make whole worlds obey;  
 For *universal Love is boundless sway.*

\* Pointing behind the Scenes

† Shewing the Audience.



**FINIS.**